

The Washington Times

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1917.

Most Powerful—Most Timid Giant—Organized Money

Take Away the Prop That Holds Him Up—And There's
and End of Him.

On the right you see another one of Congressman Baer's cartoons. Mr. Baer, elected by the farmers of North Dakota, thinks first and always of the farmer. But the average man knows that the job that needs to be done and that is illustrated in this picture must be done by all the people combined, mechanics and laborers and business men of the East, manufacturers and farmers, all the good people of the country.

Mr. Baer's picture shows organized capital, exploiting the farmer who produces on one hand, and the worker, consumer, and business man on the other. He sits on his pile of money, with the stock exchange and the food markets in his lap. Everything is just as he wants it—as long as political support holds him up.

But war makes people think. Three hundred per cent profit for the Steel Trust, five hundred millions profits in a year, extortion everywhere, high prices for food—these things will make it hard for the political friends of organized corruption to do their work and hold up the load.

Underneath Mr. Baer's picture he puts these words: "Perched high on his mountains of wealth, the food monopolist is having an easy life and enjoying himself while the producers groan and sweat and some workers have not enough to buy their bread. Political control is the main prop of the exploiter of the people. Once that is knocked from under him something is going to drop and drop hard. Already one ringing blow has been struck and the prop has begun to yield. Spit on your hands and swing again, old farmer! Another blow or two will do the business."

No Need to Worry About Canteens for Our Soldiers in France

Every French Restaurant Is a Canteen, and the Frenchmen Are Sober, Thanks to the Absence of Whiskey and of Prohibition Fanaticism.

It is said that the Red Cross will spend seven hundred thousand dollars "for army canteens in France." The Red Cross may use this money more wisely in some other way.

Once the American soldier reaches France, he does not need the Red Cross or the Young Men's Christian Association or the Prohibition Party to protect him from drunkenness.

French soldiers do not get drunk, not one in ten thousand. Nor is one in ten thousand a PROHIBITIONIST or total abstainer. The French are free from both extremes.

The French soldiers like the German soldiers and the Italian soldiers, take light wine or light beer with their meals. They take these mild stimulants as they take other parts of their diet, temperately and sanely—without drunkenness.

An American soldier ordering whiskey or brandy as a drink in France would amaze his French comrades, and would soon be told that such things are not done.

If the United States Army had—as nine officers out of ten wish that it had—a sane canteen, giving the soldiers light wine and light beer only, and no going to disreputable resorts to get whiskey, it would be an excellent thing for the morals and health of the army.

It would be well for the Red Cross and the Prohibition Party, and the Government of the United States to investigate, now that our soldiers are in France, the conditions under which men live, eat, and drink in France.

When you see a drunken man in Paris, you at once say, "That is an American," or "that is an Englishman."

The drunkard in France or in Italy is nearly always the man from the land of whiskey or gin—the United States or England—never the man from the temperate countries in which light wine and beer are used as a regular part of the diet and without excess.

It ought to be possible for the Government of the United States to abolish the whiskey which is a poison, without endeavoring to do the impossible, of absolute prohibition, which simply compels nation-wide use of whiskey and defeats the purpose of the sincere prohibitionist.

Advertising in The Washington Times Is Profitable

At Least Mr. Beatus, Manager of Loew's Theater, Seems to Think So.

To the Editor of The Times:
Dear Sir:

All records for attendance at Loew's Columbia Theater have been shattered by the patronage this week.

The aggregate attendance for the first five days was over 30,000 persons, with a total of 3,000 others turned away because they could not gain admission to the theater. At each of the eight performances every day, capacity audiences have seen Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Standing room has been at a premium and hundreds of people who stood in line for hours were unable to get in.

I attribute the wonderful patronage to the tremendous drawing power of Mary Pickford and the full-page advertisement run in The Sunday Times. The Times was selected for this full-page advertisement because of its great circulation, the fact that its circu-

(Continued at Bottom of Last Column.)

"As Thou Sowest"

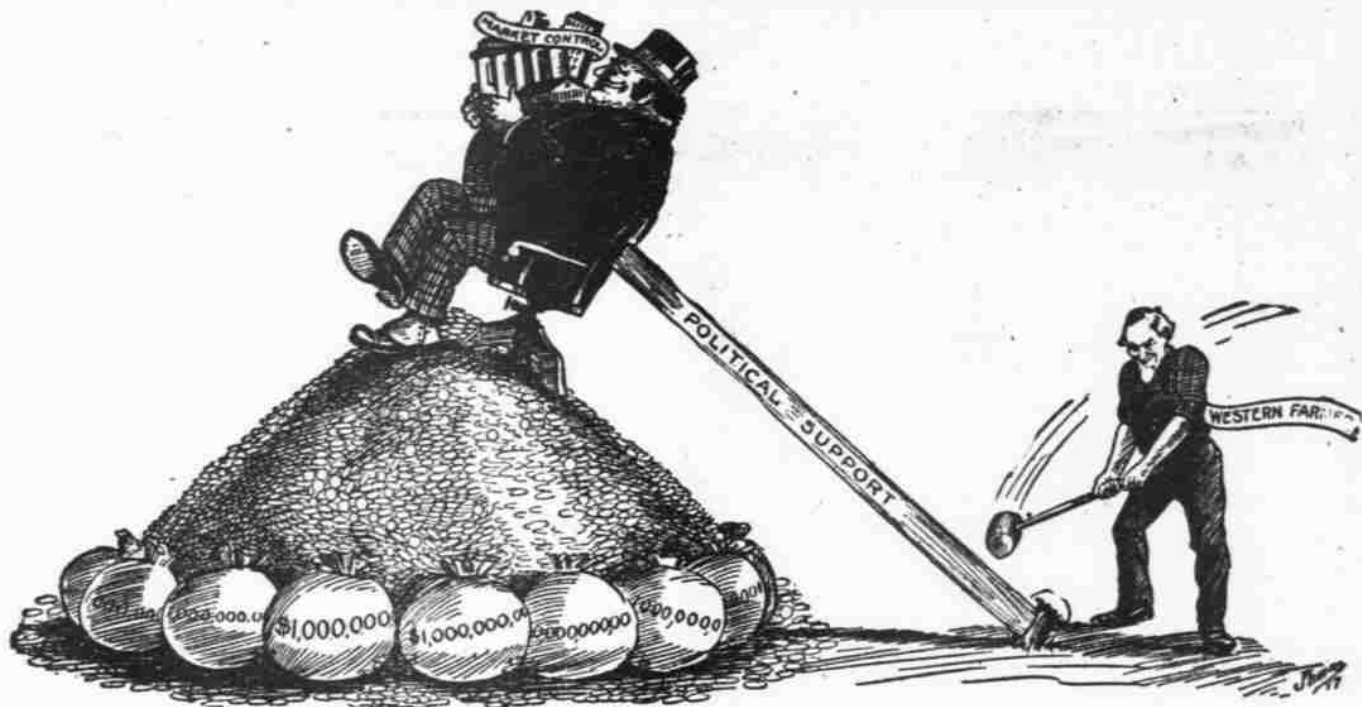
By Raemaekers



The great cartoonist has pictured here that class of men who, benefiting themselves by the protection of the Government, secretly sow seeds of cowardice and treason by both words and deeds. The mask of Uncle Sam conceals a face vivid with hate for America and things truly American.

When Voters Wake Up

By Congressman Baer



Here is another of Congressman Baer's excellent cartoons—the sort that sent him to Washington with a vote bigger than the combined votes of six men who ran against him. Mr. Baer sees the Western Farmer doing this useful job. But YOU know that all the peo-

ple of the country, business men, mechanics, laborers, farmers and WOMEN VOTERS should unite and knock this prop from under organized corruption. (See editorial.)

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article On "Behold the Chicken"

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

"WHAT is a chicken?" asked Cousin Maria. The question might have seemed odd coming from one who lives in the country, but I comprehended the unseen quotation mark.

"Behold her shadow on the floor; behold she waiteth at the door!" I answered dramatically. I was glad Cousin Maria had asked, "What is a chicken?" and not "Why is a chicken?" The first is easy; the second is a problem for the Sphinx. Thus she appears at the moment: Beneath a high-crowned, wide hat is an over-painted, over-powdered little face; a bosom bared to the hazards of pneumonia within the V of a sleazy blouse, which is more V than blouse; a short-waisted coat and a red fox collar worn in happier days by pussy on the back fence; a painfully short, painfully narrow skirt; a wide gap of very thin silk stockings; white, laced boots on stilts of heels, more or less run down.

This, my lord and gentlemen and Cousin Maria, is the Chicken.

So she exists everywhere today. Her "run" is no less Broadway in New York than Main street of every town in the country. Kille, flip-pant, brainless, overdressed, and underdressed, she parades from three in the afternoon until long after curfew, exchanging hackneyed bon mots with the loafers that she passes. To what end? I doubt if she herself knows. At that she is a shade more tolerable than her masculine prototype, the youthful slacker of the pin-back coat and inevitable cigarette, who recently swamped the marriage license bureau in his eagerness to escape military service.

The Chicken, as an individual, is worth no more attention than a single, silly, little grasshopper bobbing around in the sunshine. The grasshopper serves no purpose in the economy of nature that I ever heard of except to furnish a choice tidbit for the hungry, hovering hawk, or certain slimy, sinuous snakes which lie in wait for prey, and the same might be said of the Chicken.

It strikes me as I write that I am using rather heavy artillery on a "feeble folk."

Far be it from me to break a butterfly upon a wheel. It is quite right and proper that a girl should desire admiration and good times and have them. It is natural and right that she should want to make herself pretty and attractive. It is natural and right that she should have all the enjoyment and romance and "music and moonlight and feeling" that belong to the years "when all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green." Not one rose petal, not one ribbon, one strain of dance music would I deprive her of.

I only criticize her because I would like to see her more attractive, not less. I hope I may be comfortably cremated and out of the way before I join the ranks of those acidulous and withered moralists who regard a woman as a Jezebel because she dresses her hair in the prevailing mode and takes decent care of her skin. And, further, if a girl is affected with irretrievably sallow cheeks or col-

orless lips or a lack of eyebrows I would hasten to say: "Get thee to a beauty parlor, maid, and repair the defects. But artistically, remember; always artistically."

That is one reason why the Chicken is a blot upon our civilization. There are two, but the one under immediate consideration is that she sins against Art. Nine times out of ten her fresh, fair complexion no more needs rouge than does a tea rose. Neither do her lips require that sickly carmine smear. By adopting such unnecessary adjuncts she makes of herself a caricature. Youth needs no masks.

The changing fashions of dress often seem strange to us; but as the creations of great designers they have undeniable lines of beauty. Worn on the stage by actresses who know how to present them with restraint and good taste, even the most extreme styles appear charming. But the Chicken knows nothing of such sophistications as restraint and good taste. She takes fashion's steepest grades on "high;" and so she becomes a joke, a distortion, a vulgarity.

Schools and the War

Emphasis Should Be on the Curriculum and Not Too Much on War Questions—Something About the New Courses of Study.

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

Today the schools open. It is characteristic of America that on this day a thrill of joyful excitement runs through the home as the children are sent in happy procession to the schoolhouses, there to imbibe the spirit of democracy, rich and poor alike, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, in universal worship of the god of education.

But these are not ordinary times. These are days of great responsibility and solemn duty for old and young. War, with all its implications of terror and brute force, ravages the world; peace, the precious possession of yesterday, is removed to an unknown tomorrow—to be striven for anew with the weapons of old. Mistakenly do those who think the war should everywhere be made the paramount teaching advocate a constant emphasis on it in the schools. The children of America will hear enough of it in their homes and outside of school hours. To inculcate a spirit of patriotism is one thing and to indulge in a glorification of war is quite another.

When the present generation of school children grows up, it is to be hoped that an end will have been made of all war, that the militaristic impulses in every nation will have been rendered impotent by a world organization that shall protect the innocent majority against the intrigue and subterfuge of a scheming minority. Let the meaning of the war be impressed upon our school children only as a collateral and occasional study and let the chief emphasis be upon the courses of educational effort that constitute a preparation for civic, industrial, mercantile or professional life—the processes of peace.

Some New Courses of Study.

Superintendent Thurston and the Board of Education are to be commended for improving the curriculum in the high schools of Washington by the addition of courses in retail salesmanship and household accounting. More and more are the high schools and secondary schools becoming in America the backbone of our economic structure. The war has played havoc with the colleges. Many of them will be compelled for lack of financial support to limit their activities. Millions of boys and girls, moreover, will find that the financial strain of the war will prevent them from obtaining a college education. The high school has been to the vast majority a finishing school, and the improvement of high school courses in the last ten years to include opportunities for business and technical training of specialized character has been a gratifying recognition of the state's obligation to give the youth of the country a more substantial equipment for life's struggle.

Besides retail salesmanship and household accounting, things that will prepare the boy for tasks of a business career and teach the girl something about family buying and apportionment of household expenses and income, courses in architectural drawing and hospital nursing are to be given in the Washington high schools. The value of these is self-evident and parents should see to it that their sons and daughters do not fail to avail themselves of these splendid opportunities.

Unclean Lunchrooms and Soda Fountains.

Recently The Times called attention to the sloppiness of many soda fountain employees and their failure especially to sterilize glasses used several times over during the day and night. It is gratifying to note that the Health Department of the District has begun a crusade against proprietors of soda fountains and lunchrooms who ignore sanitary regulations. Warrants have been issued for a dozen offenders. Samples of carbonated water bought at some soda fountains have been found on analysis to contain germs productive of typhoid fever. Heavy penalties should be imposed on those who have violated the law. The interest of the community demands it. For the effect will be to make the vast majority of proprietors scrupulous about the condition of glasses, plates, and tableware. This is as much in the interest of the seller as the consumer for the public will soon learn to discriminate in favor of sanitary up-keep and tidiness.

Advertising in The Washington Times Is Profitable

(Continued From First Two Columns.)

tion is not limited to any particular class or any particular section of Washington, but because of its general circulation among all classes all over the city. The Times was selected because it is a live, progressive, enterprising, attractive paper, which is read by thousands and thousands of people who have money to spend at the theaters. It was selected because it was the ideal paper in which a theater could make its attraction known to a multitude of people likely to come to see "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

That the selection was a most happy and profitable one to Loew's Columbia Theater is attested by the breaking of all attendance records and turning away fully 3,000 people.

The compelling power of the full-page advertisement was such that there are enough people who want to see "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" to justify me in running it another week. I cannot do this, however, as it is the policy of the house to offer a different attraction each week. A great many people will be disappointed, because all who want to see Mary Pickford in her most wonderful role and in this thoroughly charming and delightful play cannot be crowded into the theater during the remainder of the week.

With attractions like Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and with the publicity we obtained from The Times, we could enlarge the theater to twice its size and still be unable to accommodate the crowds.

The attendance this week has convinced me that a theater featuring courtesy, music, and an actress like Mary Pickford need only properly advertise its attraction and the public may be depended upon to fill the house.

Very truly,
LAWRENCE BEATUS, Mgr.,
Loew's Columbia Theater.